

Mechanics' Advocate.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKINGMAN, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,

Honor and Shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the Honor lies.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 47.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 99

Hymns for the People.

Up, Brothers, Up!

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

I.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

II.

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

III.

From smithy-forge, from fisher's cot,
From ploughs that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites, and mightier
Sweeps on, and ever on;
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work
Are gone, forever gone!

IV.

Up, brothers, up! and share the light.
Rejoice, the day has come,
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new-born heart and mind,
To keep the boon, and pass it on
To all of human kind.

V.

Rejoice that ye have broke at length
The thong and heavy chain,
Which neither age or human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice and swear ye will not bend
Nor give the guerdon back,
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

Woman.

When, in despair, man's scarce uplifted eye
Sees foes who linger, fancied friends who fly,
Woman steps forth and boldly braves the shock,
Firm to his interests as the granite rock;
She stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
She points a shelter from its whelming force!
When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt, clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of clay?
She who would peril fortune, fame and life,
For man, the ingrate—the devoted wife.

Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!
Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!!
Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!!!
Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!!!!

A Sketch from Real Life.

The Pawnbrokers' Shops.

We don't know a much more melancholy thing than to ramble through one of the extensive pawnbroking establishments in Chatham street, or the Bowery, crammed with their inconceivable variety of articles of use and luxury, from the broken frying pan to the diamond necklace. It has seemed to us that it was easy to group the various articles which originally belonged together, and thus make each group tell its own little domestic or personal romance; these pretty half-worn dresses, for example, of a rich material but a long exploded fashion; and next them this costly but old-fashioned bonnet—this dainty cradle, whose former inmate, if living, must now be grown to man's estate—these rich silver tea-spoons, this bracelet, this massive gold watch, all these are eloquent memorials of a once happy and prosperous family, driven by some reverse of fortune to poverty and want. The father was a few years ago known as a successful merchant in Front street, and his family resided in a handsome house up-town, surrounded by everything to make life a pleasure. But, as he grew more and more prosperous he became also more ambitious, and gradually all the energies of his soul concentrated into one consuming desire—to become a *millionaire*. A series of speculations, at first promising, but, as he grew bolder, disastrous, at length left him a ruined man, unless he could raise a large sum of money by a certain day. Every legitimate effort completely failed; and, maddened at the speedy and inevitable destruction of his hopes and fortune, he committed a tremendous forgery—raised the money, saved his credit—and was the next day arrested and thrown into prison as a malefactor. Then came forth the real and inherent cowardice of the man who had possessed courage to sacrifice his honesty and the bread of his wife and family to the demon of Financial Ambition. Secreting a knife from the supper brought by the jailer, he waited till the old prison was sunk in the tomb-like silence of midnight, and then cut his throat. The results of all his mighty scheming lie here. His poor wife and daughters, paralyzed by the fearful blow, found no courage to look their destiny in the face until everything was swept away from them—home, comfort and all—and their very dresses and household treasures—the cherished cradle where little brother used to sleep—were carried to the pawnbroker's to procure food. Then, when this resource had failed, they had but one way left, that last and dreary hope of virtuous Woman—the needle. How have they sped? Alas! the poor, pale mother is in the grave, and the two tender daughters fighting bitterly yet patiently with a bitter world, for bread and shelter. Thus far they have conquered—but when we think how unscrupulous is the tempter with his dazzling promises, and how weak is poor hungry, unfriended Woman, we tremble for the fate of these poor sisters.

The most interesting part of the pawnbroking business is the stated sales at auction of such articles as have not been redeemed by the owners, and which are put up on the day of sale "in lots to suit purchasers," and generally sold for quite their value. The pawnbroker cares mostly, however, that they bring the amount of his principal and the usurious interest which he is entitled to charge upon his money; for the rest is clear gain. The rate at which he is authorized to charge by law is 25 per cent; but he generally manages by one means or another to double these rules, at least upon the poor laboring people, who constitute a vast majority of his customers. These poor people are frequently compelled to pawn their furniture and their very wearing apparel, to procure bread—hoping that something will turn up to enable them to redeem their

property before the time runs out. In this, however, they are too often disappointed, and they go with heavy hearts and tearful eyes to beg a little indulgence from the impassive broker, who, listening very patiently till they tell their story, raises his spectacles to let the glasses cool, goes on with cyphering up his gains and arranging everything for the sale. Sometimes a poor widow or orphan comes to plead for some little precious relic of the dead beloved, and will even go down upon her knees before the inexorable penny-turner. They had better spare their breath to pray for a golden shower to fall upon them from the sky. Such a thing has been—but a relenting pawnbroker, never.

On the morning of a regular sale the establishment is thrown open from garret to cellar, to the inspection of such economical housekeepers and professional bargain hunters as are always on the watch for occasions like this, and whose houses are stored with all sorts of useless trumpery, bought at various times by these notable housewives, because it was so cheap. Andirons, ambergris, boot jacks and baby jumpers, calicoes, cullenders, crimping-irons, cradles, dust-pans and dictionaries, egg-spoons and electrical machines, fiddles and frying-pans, gaiters and go-carts, hampers and hunting-horns, inkstands and ipecae, jews-harps and joint-stools, kaleidoscopes, lamps and lavender-water, music, martingales and mattresses, necklaces and nine-pins, optical instruments and oboes, pie-pans and pin-cushions, quack medicines, quills, quicksilver, rings and rat traps, saddles and shaving boxes, tongs, and tooth brushes, urns, umbrellas, vandykes and vases, wigs and wicker baskets, and so on through the alphabet, are crammed together in merciless confusion, looking as if the fragments, thrums, and odds and ends of a dozen communities had been gathered by the chiffoniers and piled into a gigantic rubbish heap.

The prices obtained at these sales, as we said, are generally fair, and very often even more than the articles are worth—the purchasers supposing that everything bought at auction must necessarily be cheap. But whatever may be the prices bid at the pawnbroker's sale, the unfortunate owner need expect to receive nothing beyond what may have been originally advanced. The extra interest, costs and charges, commissions, &c. &c., will be pretty sure to eat up any overplus; and the owner, if he demands a settlement, may consider himself very lucky if the pawnbroker don't manage to bring him in debt.

GOOD MAXIMS.—The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent success is evidence of superiority.

Never under any circumstance assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Let your expense be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for when you gain your case you are generally a loser of money.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

No man who owes as much as he can pay, has any moral right to endorse for another.—*Hunt's Mag.*

Female Department.

The Needlewomen.

The Tribune has already contained a series of statistical articles on the subject of female labor, which gave many curious and surprising facts. Our object at present is to review things in general, for the purpose of giving the reader a comprehensive view of the various classes into which society in the metropolis is driven. It will be sufficient, therefore, for our purpose, to present in a few words the average prices paid for the various kinds of needlework, at the principal and prosperous establishments.

Common cotton shirts, and flannel under shirts, six cents each. A good seamstress can run up two of these shirts per day; and even a very swift hand, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three—being 75 cents per week for the common workers, and \$1.12 1-2c. for the swiftest; of course allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c. &c. Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for 25 cts. apiece. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning \$1.50 per week, by constant labor. Fine linen shirts, with plaited bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hands short of fifteen or eighteen hours steady work, are paid 50c. each. An ordinary hand cannot make a garment of this kind in two days. Trowsers, overalls, drawers, undershirts, &c. &c., pay a shilling apiece to the seamstress, who can make only one, and perhaps two a day. Cloth pantaloons, vests, &c., pay only 18 to 50 cents—very seldom the latter price—and a woman makes, on an average, about one a day. Thus, not to prolong these details, it may be stated, in a word, that the seamstress who is fortunate enough to get steady work, earns from 75 cents to \$2 a week. Besides these, it is necessary to state that the dressmakers, or at any rate the great majority, get absolutely nothing for the work. The way it is managed is this: The proprietors of the large dress making establishments receive a great number of apprentices, who remain six months for nothing, boarding themselves in the mean time, for the privilege of learning the trade. They can already sew swiftly and well, or they are not accepted. To them are given out the dresses, and they are kept constantly at work sewing (not learning anything new) until the very day before their apprenticeship expires. Then a few hours are spent in giving them some general directions about cutting a dress, and they are discharged—there being no room for journeywomen on wages in an establishment where all work is done by apprentices for nothing. As fast as their "education" is completed, they are replaced by other apprentices—and so it goes on—the dashing proprietress of the establishment growing rich and aristocratic, and the poor girls turned out upon the world to die of starvation and despair, or sell themselves to infamy.

Here are the facts respecting a large and increasing class of our female population; and a sad enough picture they present. It is this picture which gave rise a few days since to the following eloquent outburst of feeling from a lady of our acquaintance, of whom I was soliciting information: "Is it not the strangest thing that can be well conceived, that Woman, who by the present constitution of society is made politically and socially a slave—who has no voice in the government to which she submits, in making the laws she is forced to obey—who is in short not recognized by any human institution of these days as an independent individual, or as anything apart from the necessity Man has for using or abusing her—that she is not, like other slaves whose existence is merged in their masters, even secured food, clothing and shelter, for the fleeting gleam between two eternities, on which glides by her pale and suffering apparition! The workwoman has indeed no rights of her own. She can be oppressed, cheated, trampled upon, until the joyous life within her becomes a dead and poisonous impulse that drives her through the world eager for the grave, or stings her into desperation and revenge. But how revenge her wrongs?—She has no redress, neither in those laws she did not sanction, nor in that public opinion she cannot influence, and which regards her not. Seeing this, her gentle and tender nature at length undergoes a change.—Then the feeble becomes the terrible, the weak and suffering woman is transformed into an avenging demon. And who may wonder at her?"

In this great republican metropolis—this foregone result of the highest and best thing that civilization can do, with all our boasted "free" institution in full bloom and life—there are thirty thousand virtuous women who have to live, die and be buried, with what they can

earn with their hands. In the ranks of this class of our population we find Woman in almost every aspect of misery, ever struggling and faint with the burden of life. Wives and daughters of broken down merchants and speculating politicians form a large item in this catalogue. Reduced from affluence to poverty and keen want, they are all unlearned in the great secret of yielding gracefully to the inevitable, and maintain day by day a fierce, unequal, but not doubtful contest with "cruel fortune," until they sink beneath temptation or despair—to the brothel or the grave! A majority are borne up by pride alone from beggary, and the few who still calender them among their acquaintances, do not suspect to what traits they have been driven, until the crisis arrives and is over.

Next come the widows of tradesmen and mechanics, the wives and daughters of those who cannot get employment, and the wives of sick and intemperate husbands, and the children of invalid or drunken parents. Here are to be found some of the most patient and long suffering, starving toiling, heart-broken, yet courageous women, that ever glorified their Creator. Here, in miserable open garrets, utterly deprived of human hope and sympathy, and often languid and faint from the mere want of food, these creatures show what angels women are. Sometimes—oh! too often—the selfishness of pain and suffering, or the brutal appetite of hunger and intemperance makes the sick father or the drunken mother, command the pale and tender daughter to go out into the streets and sell herself for gold! Must it not be a life resembling hell itself that begets such crimes as this? And how dare we wonder and shrug our shoulders with a pious sneer at those among these unfortunates who do not resist.

Then, too, from out their workshop windows, through the chimneys and crannies of their miserable lodgings, our poor workers see how gaily the busy and seeming joyous world goes on—how every one appears to have hope in his eye and elasticity in his step. Nor can they fail to mark among the passing throng, many women not more beautiful than themselves—whom perhaps they have well known as fellow workers—who go flaunting idly along in gay and costly robes, receiving the stealthy smiles and admiration of the lords of creation, who follow skulking after till they turn down some dark corner, and with the outlay of a smile and a seductive word, secure their victim. They want for nothing—they live in luxury—their white hands look fair and delicate from want of employment—their eyes seem to sparkle with health, and their forms are round and elastic with generous fare and absence of toil! Is it surprising that our poor workers, looking out from their rags and squalid poverty and starvation upon all this should (what perhaps they have never been informed of) the horror, the agony, the despair, the disease, the madness, which are the inevitable future of the courtesan? and that too many of them should, alas! desire to be like her!

But we are touching upon somewhat broader grounds than we had intended to occupy in these unpretending sketches, and find ourselves in contact with that great and terrible question, the Causes of Prostitution—a question which none has yet had the courage to answer. Our object is simply to present a correct view of a large and unfortunate class of females, surrounded with all the trials and temptations which beset them—leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. Having done this, with what little power of pen-liming we possess, we will take advantage of the occasion to solemnly warn young women in the country against indulging for an instant the fatal desire of coming to the city to seek their fortunes by labor. If they could, as we have done, attend day after day the bar of the Police Court, or read the secret docket of the innumerable cases of heart brokenness, desolation and crime that there appear—or hear from their own lips the history of the wretched creatures who people the innumerable dens of infamy that abound in the metropolis—they would learn this one frightful truth: That more than half the prostitutes and female criminals in the city, came here from the country to earn a living in some honest way, and to gratify an innocent longing for a little female finery and a passion to "see the world." The sad story is ever, ever the same—first destitution, then absolute want and hunger, then turned out of doors houseless and homeless, or offered the dreadful alternative of prostitution. Young Woman!—if you are indeed a real Woman and no innate demon assuming an angelic form of purity the better to carry on hell's work on earth—mark well our warning! Stay where you are, beneath your own pure skies, and amid the virtuous freshness of your home, no matter how humble it may be. Work, spin, dig, till the soil, do anything virtuous that will earn your bread—and mere bread is not so very difficult to earn in the country!—But as you value your moral purity and the welfare of your immortal soul, come not into the city, to lose yourself in the boiling, seething, cauldron of licentiousness

that rages forever here. If you have an intellect too active to be satisfied with the dull routine of a country life, read and improve your mind by study and improve your heart by contemplation. If you have aspirations for the beautiful, surround yourself with flowers, and teach birds and gentle creatures to be your playmates and companions: endear yourself to all the little children in the neighborhood—conceive the grand and noble ambition, the only one worthy of Woman's soul, of rendering yourself necessary to your fellow creatures, within the natural reach of your sphere, and of adding something to the beauty of this beautiful earth, of which God has made you the brightest and most precious blessing. Thus may you, poor and humble though you be, fill your life with a gentle joy that shall bring health and happiness to the cheek and eyes, and surround your innocent pillow with celestial dreams.

Railroad Intelligence.

Mr. Green, engineer of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, in a letter to the Portland Argus says that there is nothing to prevent the completion of the road early in the coming winter.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN ROAD.—The receipts on the Central (Mich.) Railroad in September show a very large increase on the receipts of September, 1847.—Flour is 63,597 bbls., against 28,397, and Wheat 965,532 bushels, against 86,624 bushels.

NASHUA AND EPPING RAILROAD.—A survey of a railroad route from Epping, N. H., to Nashua, has been completed. The estimated distance between the two points is twenty five miles. The route surveyed passes through the towns of Hudson, Litchfield, Londonderry, Chester, Raymond to Epping. Epping is situated upon the Concord and Portsmouth railroad, which is proceeding rapidly towards completion.—Should this link from Nashua to Epping be constructed, it would open a continuous line of railroad, by the Worcester and Nashua, and Norwich and Worcester railroads, almost in a direct line from Maine to New York City.

PATERSON AND RAMAPO RAILROAD.—The opening of this railroad on Thursday last, was made the occasion of a general jubilee. The special train started from Jersey City at 10 o'clock A. M. Representatives of general railroad companies were present.—General Scott, General Persifer F. Smith and other distinguished guests were present and made speeches at the dinner. The Commercial makes some serious charges, which we refrain from publishing only in the hope that the Directors will have an explanation to make in reply, and for which we wait.

We learn from the Cleveland Herald that the Board of Directors of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company met at Massillon, last week, to receive the report of the Engineers, in reference to the several routes surveyed. The Chief Engineer, Solomon W. Roberts, Esq., to whom the selection of the route was left, decided in favor of the route which leaves the Ohio at the mouth of Big Beaver. The Directors, therefore, directed the Engineers to proceed at once and locate the route in the direction indicated. There are three or four routes from the Big Beaver to the Little Beaver, and thence to the table lands of Ohio, from which choice will have to be made. This road, from Pittsburgh to Wooster, will probably be put under contract next spring.

LIABILITIES OF RAILROAD COMPANIES.—The Supreme Court at Northampton have given judgment in favor of the Springfield Mutual Insurance Company against the Western Railroad, for the amount of \$623,60 with \$167.65 interest; the first named sum being the amount paid by the insurance company for the burning of a house in 1845, which was set on fire by a locomotive of the Western Railroad.

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

List of Patents



Issued from the U. S. Patent Office,
For the week ending Oct. 17, 1848.

To Thomas Lyle, of Collinsville, Pa., for improvement in machinery for doubling and twisting Yarn.—Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Stephen Parks, jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y. for improvements in Archimedean Lead Pipe Machine.—Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Charles S. Richards, of New York city, for improved Cylindrical Wrought Nail Machine. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To John P. Taylor, of Little Compton, R. I., for Floating Battery. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To W. W. Metcalfe, of York Springs, Pa., for improvement in Ploughs. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To David Dick, of Meadville, Pa., for improvement in Presses. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To John A. Swope, of Germany, Pa., for improved Flood Fence. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To A. B. Earle, of Colesville, N. Y., for improvement in Planting Ploughs. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To George Beeching, of Augusta, N. Y., for improvement in Cultivators. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To John J. Carrel, of Petersburg, Va., for improvement in Harness Saddle Mounting. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To George F. Southwick, of Somerset, Mass., for improvement for Locking Umbrellas and Parasols.—Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To John Russell, of New York city, for improved Domestic Telegraph. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To M. P. Coons, of Lansingburg, N. Y., for Iron Hurdle Fence. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Thomas Peck, of Syracuse, N. Y., for improved Door Spring. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Charles H. Dubbs, of Natchez, Miss., for improvement in Dentist's Instruments. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Kirby Spencer, of Athens, Geo., for improvement in Dentist's Instruments. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Caroline C. Nichols, of Providence, R. I., for improvement in manufacture of Artificial Flowers.—Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To George H. Marsden, of Charlestown, Mass., for Improved Engine for Cutting Files. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

To Samuel Rodman, of New Bedford, Mass., for improvement in Scoups. Patented Oct. 17, 1848.

For the week ending Oct. 24, 1848.

To Thomas Paton, of Providence, R. I., for improvement in making Mills and Skeleton Dies for Printing. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Robert Calwell, of Near Nashville, Tenn., for improvement in Saddles. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To D. George and H. Robinson, of Granville, Ohio, for improvement in cutting irregular forms in Wood. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To J. S. Vedder, of Schenectady, N. Y., for improvement in the Apparatus for raising Water. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To New England Glass Company, assignee of Jos. Magoun, of Cambridge, Mass., for improvement in Moulding Glass. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Jarvis Howe, of Worcester, Mass., for improvement in Boot Trees. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To John R. Rowland, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvement in Pessaries. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To James Dane, of West Derby, Vt., for improvement in Brick Presses. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Enoch Hidden, of New York City, for improved Ship's Light. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Seth E. Winslow, of Kensington, Pa., for improvement in Lamp Tops. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Mathias P. Coons, of Lansingburg, N. Y., for improved Rock Drilling Machine. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Samuel Cronce, of Flemington, N. J., for improvement in Machines for Creasing Leather Straps.—Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Eli Saunders, of Wathersfield, Vt., for improvement in Horse Rakes. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Zephaniah Knapp, of Pittston, Pa., for improved method of fastening Wire to Fence Posts. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Lyman P. Judson, assignee of J. D. Willoughby, of Susquehanna, Pa., for method of working Lock Gates by water power. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

RE-ISSUE.

To Samuel Colt, of New York City, for improvement in Revolving Fire Arms. Patented Feb. 25, 1846.—Re-issued Oct. 24, 1848.

DESIGNS.

To George W. Rathbun, of Leroy, N. Y., for Design for Stoves. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

To Lowell Manufacturing Company, assignee of Peter Lawson, of Lowell, Mass., for Design for Carpets. Patented Oct. 24, 1848.

New Inventions.

Adams' Water Guage.

Being at the Agricultural State Fair, lately held at Buffalo, we saw a great variety of fine productions; both Art and Nature seems to have done their part in exhibiting their skill in great perfection. Among other, and not the least useful articles of manufacture, we noticed, was that useful and indispensable appendage to the steam engine—the "Guage Cock"—upon entirely a new principle, invented by JOHN ADAMS, of Rochester, N. Y., in the employ of the A. and R. R. Co. It is small, simple and compact, sure and certain in its operation; one guage indicating the height of water in each boiler to a greater nicity than six of those in common use possibly could do. It is now generally understood by the community at large that the safety, or security of boilers from explosions or collapses, which so often occasion such dreadful calamities in the destruction of lives and property is brought about either by carrying too much steam, or too little water, and the engineers in these respects have to be governed altogether by the two simple contrivances, "the safety valve for steam," and the "guage cock for water." We therefore hope that engineers will lose no time in making themselves acquainted with this improvement, nor recommending them to their employers; and that their employers, either agents or proprietors, acting as forwarders or captains to boats, or as superintendents, or otherwise, on railroads, will lose no time in adopting them, for in so doing they will certainly gain the good will of the public and confidence of the travelling community in consulting their safety; while their valuable lives and property are necessarily in their charge. All improvements which adds to our security from danger ought to be duly appreciated and acknowledged, and the inventor looked upon as a public benefactor and rewarded accordingly. We therefore hope that Mr. Adams will meet with that encouragement his ingenuity and perseverance entitle him too. Municipal authorities and all public officers would be doing no more than their duty by recommending their adoption where steam power is made use of in populous districts.—They have already been well tested and approved of at different places, and we are gratified to learn that the A. and R. R. Co. have set a good example by having one attached to their stationary boiler. Mr. A. has taken measures to secure letters patent.

TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, having examined the improved "water guage" for ascertaining the height of water in steam boilers, invented by Mr. John Adams, of the city of Rochester, New York, are decidedly of the opinion that it is far superior to any thing of the kind now in use and must eventually be universally adopted.

Captain John Hebard, official inspector of steamboats for the port of Buffalo; Ely Wilson, proprietor of Buffalo Steam Engine Works; E. H. Wateraus, Engineer, of the firm of Sheppard's establishment; S. S. Newall, engineer of the steamboat Empire State; Wm. Winngart, engineer of the steamboat Michigan; M. Diffanlaugh, engineer of the steamboat Baltimore; J. Finney, engineer, Buffalo; Clark Wiley, Philadelphia; Wm. E. Cooper, railroad engineer, Lockport; Wm. Hayden, railroad engineer, Rochester; Isaac Vankuren, and Wm. Wiley, Superintendent of the A. and R. R. Co.

The Inebriate.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hand and the cool breeze lifted his matted locks which covered his once noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unwonted look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret.—Perhaps he was listening to the low melancholy voice of his patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance he was gazing upon the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was already crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken and the doors hingeless; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In fancy he saw again the old arm chair where sat his father, with the Bible upon his knee; and he seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his mother as she laid her hand upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green sward the recollections of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips—"O, God, receive a returning wanderer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—"He will forgive you, father." Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter, a child of six years.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow upon the banks," she replied, "see, I have got my basket full and now I am going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where among the broad green leaves the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me Anne," said her father kindly. "Well, I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of his tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"Yes, father, I will tell you.—Mother buys medicine for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart; "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed; "from this moment the liquid fire passes my lips no more."

Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarcely comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look too his face—"Will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"Never! Anne," her father replied, solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy," she cried, "and mother won't weep any more; oh, father, what a happy home ours will be!" Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter have proved true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one.—Plenty crowned his board; and health and joy beamed from the face of his wife and children—where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

No things are more easily recognized than a fool and a jackass; the former by his talk, the latter by his ears.

Mechanic's Advocate.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

One Dollar per Annum, in Advance.



WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

We earnestly invite our friends to aid us in the way of funds. Some hundreds are now indebted, and we are in need of money to meet our current expenses. As our time is wholly employed in the cause, we have little time to write dunning letters to those in arrears. Will our agents give us a lift?

Another Premium.

Having recently come in possession of a copy of Vol. 1, of the *Advocate*, we offer it as a prize to the person sending us the largest number of subscribers previous to the first of December next. All letters post marked on or before the first, will be in season. We will furnish the volume bound.

Thoughts upon Titles Renewed.

In a preceding number we endeavored to elucidate the cause securing the origin and maintenance of the present system of awarding and accepting titles of honor and distinction, and assigned as such cause, an inordinate pride. But it may be enquired, does not the fact that they are conferred falsify the position? Does not the truth that they are not personally assumed demonstrate the want of application of pride as the motive power? We reply that the spirit of acquisition of such worthless baubles, and a feeling of attachment thereto, on the part of the awarding power, combining with the natural feeling of sympathy, a desire of patronizing and pampering those endeared by a similarity of pursuits, of purposes, and of social position, will permit their delegation from an instituted, or other body, without interference with the controlling principle of which we speak. But, to whatsoever course we may ascribe its confinement, is not the alledged feeling indicated in its personal use by the titled one?—And again they oftentimes are objects of actual assumption. Take, per illustration, the inoffensive tenth rate title of Esquire—is it not daily self-conferred and self-applied by thousands of our fellow-citizens? Admission to the Bar is supposed to extend the right of its adoption, but we apprehend that no barrister, or other individual, who employs it, is guiltless of directly assuming the title, and in contradiction of general notions of personal propriety and delicacy.

If, then, it be conceded that pride, vanity, an inordinate self-esteem, a longing after elevation above our fellows, are the controlling causes of the origin and perpetration of this vast system—a fact, which, it is presumed, has been conclusively elucidated and explained—the character of its consequences and its bearing upon the interests and state of society, cannot escape the attention of the most superficial observer, or the execration of the most indifferent lover of his fellow-men. Without entering into the minutia of analogy and research, or an unnecessary series of restrictions and modifications, it is, indisputably, a general truth, that the nature of a result is essentially de-

pendant upon the character of its cause. The effects, tendencies and influences of the system are thereby susceptible of ready, penetration and perception.—In proportion to the extension and dissemination of the system are developed those pernicious principles and feelings upon which it is based and by which it is sustained, and an accumulation of heinous evils entailed upon the afflicted community.

There is something really ludicrous in this rush for titles. The elder Exquisite walks out of Court, having been admitted to the Bar—(the professional, some times, subsequently admitted to the criminals) and forever after perambulates among his fellows in all the untold glory of an Esquire! Who would not be an Esq.? Brutus, Bartholomew, Rufflerolem, who wears gold specs and a high collar, and has scribbled some pages on metaphysics and abstractions, having as much practical application to human weal as has a toddy stick to the improvement of steam locomotives, is compensated for his toils by being immersed in the overflowing dignity of an L. L. D. Who wouldn't be an L. L. D.? Then, there is Caleb Capers, son of old Capers, who was sent to Congress because he could lie faster than any other politician in his county, comes from the senior class of the University with the pride of a Master of Arts—perhaps the arts of robbing *Prex's* henroost and depositing larger draughts of champagne than his fellow students, with the slightest operation upon his sensibilities. Why not be a Master of Arts?

Again, a letter comes to one with so much better grace that he's almost willing to pay the postage, if there's an E-s-q. in the superscription. And when one sees his name in the papers, if there's a title of some sort appended, it's particularly pleasing to his sensitive spirit.

Well, it is genteel to have a title, and if Parson Prindle, of Grace Church, just opposite, can be a Doctor of Divinity, and our next door neighbor, may be a Squire, and Rodolphus Rule, around the corner, of the Institute, can be styled a Professor, why shouldn't our *Johnny* study the law and become an Esquire, in accordance with the dignity of our ancient and right-honorable house? Hain't King Alexander syled the Great? and didn't Pope Leo. X confer the title of *Fidei Defensor* on Henry VIII? Why, then, shouldn't our folks, too, have titles to vindicate the honor of our illustrious and nobly descended line?

"But," in the language of Erskine, upon a different topic, "the subject is too awful for irony." To this system are attributable many of the scourges that have desolated humanity. It has lighted the torch of civil war; its record is written in letters of blood and in characters of fire. In the progress of its career, its desecrating footsteps have trampled upon all law, human and divine. History confirms the truth that men even when clothed with the reality of power, will steep themselves in the lowest depths of crime, to secure its shadows. And, as in days of yore, it kindled the fires of civil dissension, involving the ultimate ruin of the Roman State, so there this day goes forth from it a flame, of more than Ephesian terror, destroying the beautiful proportions of Man's intellectual edifice, and sweeping with fearful vigor, through the moral temple of the human soul.

Our forefathers, versed in political science, and skilled in that knowledge of history which constitutes the philosopher's stone of legislation, and aware of the antagonism of the system to the desirable simplicity of the Republican character, set early examples, which should be more commended to the love and imitation of their posterity, which satisfactorily illustrate the principles and policy of those stern sages in relation to this matter. In the articles of the Old Confederation occur the following wise and equitable stipulations, viz: "Nor shall any person holding any office of profit or trust in the United States, or any of them, accept of any present, emolument office or title whatsoever from any king, prince or foreign State; nor

shall the United States, in Congress assembled, or any of them, grant any title of nobility." And in the Constitution the provisions were mainly renewed.

Happy will it be for us when the restrictive agency of this sublime lesson of political wisdom shall be applied to the regulation of our social state; happy will it be for mankind when the sun of Heaven shall rise upon the system annihilated, as it has so long risen upon it active—that morn! of the patriot's longing—that dawn! of the philanthropist's hope.

Cleveland, Sept. 15, 1848.

DEAR ADVOCATE.—After I left you in my last letter, I wended my way to the Falls of Niagara.—This celebrated cataract is 21 miles from Buffalo.—The river Niagara is here divided into two streams by Goat Island, situated directly upon the precipice, where the river falls perpendicularly 160 feet. The descent of the rapids above the falls is estimated at about 57 feet. The Horse Shoe Fall between the Canada shore and Goat Island, embraces a greater part of the water, but the greatest fall is on the American side. The falls may be seen to great advantage either from Table Rock on the Canada shore, or Goat Island on the American side. The view from below the falls is indescribably grand, and more forcibly impresses the spectator with the immense magnitude of the cataract, than that from above. Visitors may pass under the sheet of water in the rear, 150 feet from shore.—The cataract of Niagara is probably the greatest natural curiosity in America.

Another feature at the falls is the Suspension Bridge.

This bridge is an experiment; another was to have been constructed 30 feet wide, and at a cost of 300,000 dollars, but the unfortunate difficulty between the contractor and the stockholders, renders this at present improbable. It is built at the narrowest part of the river, where its banks are highest; which seem to be cut out of the solid rock. From the bridge to the bottom of the river, is a distance of 475 feet, the river there being about 220 feet deep.

Upon the top of the bank on each shore of the Niagara, a tower is built 50 feet high. Some 60 to 80 feet in the rear, the wire cables are firmly fastened; they thence pass over the top of the tower, and are fastened beyond it, in the rocks. From these cables the bridge or pathway below is suspended by strands of wire. The architect built a bridge at Wheeling, across the Ohio, having a span of 1,000 feet. The suspenders are interlaid with rails on each side.

The wires are drawn across nearly 800 feet, from bank to bank of the Niagara, 240 feet above the foaming flood which is thundering through the narrow gorge, and nearly two miles below the Falls, but in sight of them, where the stream of the mighty St. Lawrence is dashing onward, with the swiftness of 24 miles an hour, toward Lake Ontario. The bridge is eight feet wide, its floor being light planks laid across scantling, with a temporary railing, made of wires and slats of wood at each side. The strands of wire are firmly fastened to the rocks on the river's banks, which are from 250 to 300 feet higher than its bed, notched all the distance from the cataract down to Queenston. Mr. Ellet, the truly scientific and very courageous architect, rode across the chasm in a two-horse carriage, and back, on the 29th of July, 1848; passing above such a foaming torrent of pent-up waters as can not be seen elsewhere. Here is to be located the terminus of a railroad, through the western counties of Canada, to Detroit, &c.

The bridge had at first a sort of vibratory motion, not unlike that of the spring-board of vaulters and tumblers; but since guys have been fastened to the rocks below and on each side of the river, the oscillation is but slight. The view upward is truly sublime and beautiful; and floating on the surge beneath, may be seen the "Maid of the Mist," a pretty little steamboat—owned by Col. John Fisk, which sails between the

bridge and the Falls, passing the spot where Sam Patch leaped 128 feet perpendicular, in a region where reality is delightfully combined with romance. The Falls, the Whirlpool, the Rapids, Navy Island, Brock's Column, Fort Niagara, Noah's Ararat, Lundy's Lane, Queenston Heights, Fort Erie, Bridgewater, Goat or Iris Island, Manchester, the terminus of the Erie canal, Forts George and Mississauga, Fort Schlosser, Chippewa, the Wire Bridge, the lakes, Lewiston, Buffalo, Black Rock, the railroad, the Niagara river with its majestic windings, the Devil's Hole, the Hogback, the Observatory, the Rainbow over the Horse Shoe, the Maid of the Mist, Nichol's Rock, and the Burning Spring, are among the numerous objects which will interest the intelligent tourist, while passing over a space of about 30 miles, between Erie and Ontario.

But I have already extended this letter far beyond the limits I had staked out, and must draw to a close. I spent Sunday at the Falls, and on Monday went to Buffalo. I write you more to-morrow.

Yours,

J. T.

Meeting of Mechanics and Workingmen of Cohoes.

At a meeting of the Mechanics and Workingmen of Cohoes, held pursuant to a call, signed by a large number of the Workingmen of the place, at the Cohoes Hotel, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, 1848.—On motion of H. E. Higley, JOSEPH M. BROWN was called to the Chair, and M. McKERNON was appointed Secretary.

The Chair having read the call, he stated the object of the meeting to be for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of securing the election of members of Assembly, in Albany county, who are and will be in favor of the passage of a "Ten Hour Law," and other laws "to prevent oppression," and who will use their best endeavors to procure the passage of said law.

On motion of H. E. Higley, a Committee were appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, consisting of Messrs. Higley, Clark, P. H. McKernon, Peck, Palmer and Hay.

The Committee after a short absence, reported the following preamble and resolutions, viz:

It is a well known fact to all that a bill was presented to the Legislature last winter by the Hon. MICHAEL WALSH for the restriction of the hours of labor and to prevent oppression, and it is also a well remembered fact that the bill was defeated, by what means it is unnecessary here to state, but we leave it to the candid thinker to infer the causes himself. The principal reason only we will endeavor to bring out; that reason is simply this—because Labor itself had but little or no representation there. The great masses, the bone and sinew of the country, had no voice to raise in support of their just and sacred rights. The defeat of that bill was the last expiring breath of a most worthless session. The result of it has been to awaken throughout the length and breadth of the State a determined feeling on the part of the workingmen to see that their rights and interests are not again basely tampered with. Laws have been passed restrictive in their tendency on every thing except the Hours of Labor, rates of interest, weights and measures, &c., but in the midst of all this Labor has been left to take care of itself. Capital only has been legislated for, as if capital could exist for a moment without Labor. Under these circumstances an imperative duty calls us out on this occasion to show to the world our feelings and sentiments in regard to this matter. We come not here as fanatics to found a new order of things, nor as rioters to seek to control legislation by mobs and violence, but as men—free men—citizens of a country which proudly boasts of liberty and equality, and we claim that as we compose a great share of the community, so we have an undoubted right to claim a small share of that legislation to which we are justly entitled, and which is meted out with no sparing hand to the protection of capital. Therefore

Resolved, That we consider ten hours as a lawful day's work, and any other system is but a relic of by-gone and barbarous ages.

Resolved, That we consider the passage of a Ten Hour bill by the N. Y. State Legislature as a thing of vital importance to the working classes, and we will unceasingly petition until the accomplishment of our object, satisfied as we are that mankind must have thinking hours as well as working.

Resolved, That we conceive it no detriment to manufacturers the passage of this bill, ocular and statistical observation having satisfied us that no more promising and profitable manufactories exist than those which have adopted the above system, drawing around them always an intelligent class of operatives, and cultivating the best of understanding between the employer and employed.

Resolved, That in the coming election we conceive it of the highest importance to us to know for whom we cast our votes, and we hereby pledge ourselves to vote for no man for Member of Assembly, of whatever grade of party, unless he shall previously have signified to this body in any manner they may direct his willingness, to give that bill his earnest and hearty support, if elected.

The meeting was then addressed by H. E. Higley, who strongly advocated the doctrines and principles set forth in the above preamble and resolutions. Mr. Brown, the worthy Chairman, being loudly called for, took a view of the several duties of the employer and employed, and eloquently and graphically portrayed the good effects which must follow a firm effort to secure the rights of Labor.

Mr. Felthousen was next called out. He spoke impressively and feelingly, and appealed to the workingmen of Cohoes and other places, to stand up firmly in defence of their rights, to abandon the trammels of party and secure for once their own interests. It having been ascertained that Mr. D. C. Stewart (one of the candidates in nomination) was present, he was loudly called for, and responded to the call. He stated that he was a candidate for the Assembly in this county, and that if elected, he would use his best endeavors to secure the passage of a "Ten Hour Bill." Mr. Stewart was loudly cheered for this honest, straightforward avowal of his sentiments.

Mr. Thadbolt next addressed the meeting and in concise language exhorted the Mechanics to stand up firmly in defence of the rights of Labor.

On motion of Mr. Felthousen, the preamble and resolutions presented by the Committee, were adopted in full as embodying the sentiments of this meeting.

On motion of H. E. Higley, a Committee of three were appointed to interrogate the several candidates in regard to this matter. H. E. Higley, H. D. Felthousen and J. M. Brown were appointed said Committee to report at the next meeting.

It was moved and carried that the proceedings of this meeting be offered to the Albany Knickerbocker, New York Tribune, the Mechanics (Albany) Advocate and the Cohoes Journal for publication.

On motion of Mr. McKeon, the thanks of the meeting were tendered to Messrs. Stewart and Thadbolt for their able remarks on the occasion and an invitation cordially extended to them to attend the adjourned meeting.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet again at the same place on Saturday evening next, Nov. 4, at 7 o'clock.

J. M. BROWN, Chairman.

M. McKERNON, Secretary.

FEMALE OPERATIVES.—A number of respectable young women, in New York, who are tailoresses, have taken a shop in Liberty street, and have set up for themselves. The enterprise is a laudable one and ought to be sustained.

Production and Capital of the United States.

The New Orleans Commercial Times contains an article on the production and capital of the United States for 1848. It is made up by taking the returns of 1840, and adding 25 per cent for the increase of the past eight years. The prices of principal articles of production are assumed as follows:

Cotton 6 cents per pound; Sugar, 4; Rice, 3; Tobacco, 7; Wheat, 60 cents per bushel; Corn, 30; Oats, 25; Rye, 40; Buckwheat, 50; and Potatoes, 30 cents. Hay, \$10, and Hemp and Flax, \$50 per ton.

According to these estimates, all the crops of the United States in 1848 will be worth, in round numbers, \$591,400,000. Of these products, the New England States contribute only \$58,000,000; while New York alone contributes \$79,000,000; Pennsylvania, \$55,000,000; Ohio, \$49,000,000, and Indiana \$47,000,000.—These are the great producing States of the Union.

The whole investment in manufactures in the United States is set down at \$343,300,000. Of this New England furnishes nearly one-third, viz: \$109,000,000.—Massachusetts stands second only in the United States as a manufacturing State; having \$52,000,000 invested in this department of industry; while New York has 69,000,000, and Pennsylvania 50,000,000.

Indian Corn appears to be the great staple of the country; the whole quantity of the year being set down at about 472,000,000 bushels, valued at \$141,673,000. The hay crop takes the next place, and is estimated to be worth 128,000,000. Cotton stands next being estimated at 2,400,000 bales, worth \$64,800,000. The wheat crop this year is supposed to be equal to 105,859,000 bushels, and is valued at \$63,514,000. The product of the dairy, it is supposed, will be worth \$42,360,000; and the potato crop \$40,000,000.

From these estimates some opinion may be formed of the productions of the United States, and the means which Providence has placed in our hands for the employment and sustenance of our immense and rapidly increasing population. And when it is considered that our country is as yet comparatively uncultivated, and its resources but very partially developed, no one can fail to be impressed with the enormous capabilities of the country. We have heard it stated by an intelligent western member of Congress, that the single State of Indiana could raise breadstuffs enough to supply the entire population of the United States.

REDUCTION OF WAGES AT LOWELL.—The Boston Republican says:—"Notice has been given at Lowell that a reduction will soon take place. It is to commence on the 20th of November on one corporation, and probably at the same time on the others. The reduction is considerable, 25 to 35 per cent. The speed is to be reduced, and the girls are to be made to tend more looms. After they get broke in to this work, the speed will no doubt be put at the old rate. If a reduction of wages was all, it might be put up with, but an increase of labor among the factory girls of Lowell ought to be protested against. There are already symptoms of rebellion among the operatives."

CHICAGO ENTERPRISE—RAILROADS AND PLANK ROADS.—The people of Chicago talk some about improvements and act efficiently. For instance, last spring they resolved to build a plank road across the flat wet prairie to Doty's ten miles. The road has been built of plank 8 feet in length and 3 inches in thickness, and the receipts of the road now amount on an average to \$30 per day, yielding in one year \$13,950, or nearly 85 per cent upon the first cost. On an average 125 teams per day travel on the road. The Democrat says the stockholders intend to lay another truck as soon as possible.

The Galena and Chicago Railroad has been graded 30 miles; the rails have been laid a few miles, and the work is going ahead expeditiously.

Several articles crowded out; among which are, "Justice to Day & Newell," Mechanics Meetings at Troy, Albany and Lockport, "The Battle," "Run Away Marriage," and several other articles of interest.

ARTHUR SMITH,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Tinware, Stoves, Furniture, Pipe, &c.,
No. 774 Broadway, next to the National Garden,
ALBANY.

N. B. All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to. 96

AVERELL HOUSE,
(LATE AMERICAN)
Directly opposite the Railroad Depot,
UTICA, N. Y.

Charges reasonable. Good stable accommodations connected with the house. The attention of Mechanics and Tradesmen is respectfully solicited, as the Proprietor is determined his house shall combine all the comforts of Home, with all the luxuries of a First Class Hotel. Trusty porters constantly in attendance at the cars and packets. August, 1848. [86y1] J. CLAPP.

Albany Steam Dye Works.

GEORGE LAYCOCK having been burnt out at the late disastrous fire, his old friends and the public generally, will find him fully prepared to meet and execute all orders in his line of business, at 17 Norton st.; and he respectfully solicits a share of the patronage heretofore bestowed so liberally upon the Dyeing and Scouring of Albany. It is not necessary for him, in a long winded and boasting advertisement, to brag of what he can accomplish in his business; and he certainly will not impose upon the credulity of his friends, by pretensions in words which he cannot sustain in practice. That he has facilities for Dyeing and Scouring in all its branches, and is competent to execute any and every order left with him, may be fully and fairly tested by trial; and that trial he cheerfully and fearlessly challenges, even though required to dye articles that others in the trade of New York and Albany have declined to attempt.

The subscriber's Dyeing and Finishing is done by steam. Silk, Cotton and Woolen Goods, Merinos, Bombazines, Satins, Alpacaes, DeLanes, &c., dyed all colors. Shawls of all descriptions, dyed in a style of brilliancy, unapproachable by the trade. Kid gloves cleaned in the finest style. Grateful for the patronage extended to him, the subscriber solicits a continuance of the same, as the best incentive to renewed efforts for improvement, if improvement be possible in his trade.

P. S.—Ladies and Milliners can have their bonnets dyed Slate or Fancy Drab color. 95

Blank Book Manufactory. THE Subscriber having his store, is prepared to furnish Blank Books of every description, such as Bank and Merchants' Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Up and Down Freight Books, Bill Receipt, Note, Cash and Letter Books; Shipping Bills, Bill Heads, Bills of Lading, &c. &c. at short notice and on the most favorable terms.

Also, a large stock of Blank Books kept constantly on hand. 93

Paper Hangings AND PAPER BOXES.—H. D. HARRIS, Jr., No. 8 Green st., manufacturer and wholesale dealer in the above, keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of every article that can be called for in the above line of business, and will sell at lower prices than can be found this side of New York. The Best of workmen kept to hang our paper. 85

J. & F. Cornelius, GREENBUSH SAW MILL, Greenbush, N. Y.—J. & F. C. respectfully inform their old friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to execute all orders in their line of business, with promptness and despatch. Lumber sawed any length, from five to sixty feet. 86y1

To the Ladies. Ladies if you wish to be suited with Hair work, call at H. Bessell's Store, on the south-west corner of Pearl Street, opposite the Dundee Warehouse. You will find the best assortment in the city; his plain Frizzetts are not to be equalled for workmanship, and the seams will defy scrutiny of the nicest observer to distinguish them from the natural parting of the hair; and he has also a large assortment of Fancy Goods viz: Bags, Purse, Steel Beads, Purse Hevilt, Worsted, Floss, &c. &c. N. B. is principal agent for Phalon's Hair Invigorator. 71y1

Cheap Millinery. No. 81 1-2 South Pearl Street, (opposite T. B. Ridder's Tobacco Manufactory) Albany. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that she has on hand an extensive assortment of Millinery suitable for the season, consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, French and American Flowers of all kinds, which will be sold at the most reasonable prices. Bonnets at all prices from \$2 to \$6. Bonnets Cleaned and Repaired to order. Cloak and Dress Making will also be attended to. By her experience and former success in the above business, Mrs. Clark hopes to merit and receive a share of the public patronage. 71m3 R. CLARK

Fancy Bookbinding. THE subscriber is prepared to execute Binding of every description, (such as binding Periodicals, Novels, Music, Harper's Pictorial Bible, Shakespeare, England, &c.) in all the various styles of the art, and at prices at least as low as at any other establishment in the country. [85] E. H. BENDER, 75 State st.

Sheriff's Office, CITY AND COUNTY OF ALBANY, August 11th, 1848.—ELECTION NOTICE.—An election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which time will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is herewith annexed.

OSCAR TYLER, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, Albany, Aug 10th, 1848.

Secretary's Office.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany.

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State;

Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice President of the United States;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles Cook, whose term of service expires on the last day of December next;

An Inspector of State Prison, in the place of John B. Gedney, whose term of service expires on the last day of December next;

A Representative in the 31st Congress of the United States, for the Thirtieth Congressional District, composed of the city and county of Albany.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: Four Members of Assembly; a County Treasurer; three Superintendents of the Poor, and a Coroner in the place of William H. Kearsey, deceased, whose term will expire on the last day of December, 1849.

Yours, respectfully,

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN,
Secretary of State.

The Elements Subjugated—THE WORLD CHALLENGED—COMPE TITION DEFIED—CO-PARISON SOLICITED: with that incomparable Salve, METZGER'S PAIN ERADICATOR, for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Cancers, Piles, &c. This inestimable Ointment is of so much value and importance, that no family should be without it, even for a single day, as it is associated without fear of contradiction, the most certain cure for scalds and burns ever discovered. No burn or scald can happen, be the pain ever so excruciating, but instant relief is given to the sufferer; by the application of the ointment, the fire is quickly eradicated, and completely removed; and one of its most remarkable traits is, that it leaves not a trace of scar or sear, and that in so short a space of time as to be scarcely credited. The ointment is an efficacious remedy for all soreness and inflammation of the eyes, salthum, and all cutaneous eruptions, cuts and cancers, as all inflammation is immediately relieved by its application.—It is also a never-failing remedy for frost bitten limbs, and its efficacy in the cure of Piles is most safe and certain.

Its almost miraculous cures can be attested by numerous persons in the cities of New York and Albany, and their vicinity, as may be seen by referring to the numerous certificates in the possession of the proprietors at their Depot, a few of which they can only give here for want of room, but refer the public to their pamphlet, which may be had gratuitously of all their agents, and at their store, No. 34 Beaver st.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT!—WONDERFUL CURE OF BURNS. On the 4th instant, I, by accident, upset a camphine lamp on myself, which took fire and burned my hands, arms and face most horribly; my hands and arms were literally burnt to a crisp. My wife in assisting to extinguish the flames on me, caught her own clothes on fire, and burnt herself nearly as bad as I was. We immediately sent for a physician, who applied poultices, &c., the usual remedies, but to no purpose. The pain was so intense that it seemed impossible to endure it. I was unable to rest for two days and two nights. I had heard of "METZGER'S PAIN ERADICATOR" as a sure relief in such cases, and procured some of it, and after a single dressing the pain was removed in thirty minutes, and I was able to rest. In twelve days after using this salve, our burns were completely healed. I would strongly recommend every person, especially heads of families, to keep it in their houses, as we are all liable to get burnt or scalded. Albany, May 17, 1848.

HIRAM SPRUNG,
Residence No. 58 Schuyler street.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 54 Beaver street, Albany, N. Y.



MOST ASTONISHING CURE ON RECORD.

Albany, 23d May, 1848.

Messrs. Perkins & Gardiner.—With feelings of most grateful satisfaction, I inform you of the situation of my infant son. When about three months old he was attacked with a disease, the nature or character of which we knew nothing. Believing it to be one of the many maladies to which infants are subject, some simple medicine was administered, but after a few days eruptions began to appear on his neck and face, which continued to spread until it had enveloped his entire head in one immense scab; he became perfectly blind and remained so for more than a month, and discharges of the most offensive character were literally poured from his ears, eyes, nose, and indeed from all parts of his face. While the disease was thus developing itself, physician after physician of very respectable character and standing were consulted. They pronounced it a very dangerous case of malignant scrofula; they each prescribed for him but without any visible effect, and gave it as their opinion that the child could not live much longer. The various Sarsaparillas and other popular medicines of the day were then tried, but with no better effect, the child became visibly worse, until at the end of three or four months we believed the case was utterly hopeless.

About that time a friend called to see me, and on being informed of the child's case and what had been done for him, he suggested a trial of your ANTI-BILIOUS AND ANTI-MERCURIAL SYRUP AND PILLS. Despairing of success and disgusted with quackery, I at first positively refused to have any thing more to do with nostrums of any kind, but from the confident manner and strong terms of commendation of your medicine, used by my friend, I was at last induced to make one more effort to save my child. I accordingly procured some of your medicine, and, incredible as it may appear, in four or five days the disease was visibly checked, and after using the medicine about three weeks, the scabs had healed and began to drop off, the discharge from his ears, &c., gradually ceased, his sight was restored, and now having used your medicine, and yours only, but about six weeks, I think I am warranted in saying my child is in a fair way of being permanently cured, and that I am justified in recommending it to all my friends and acquaintances, as there cannot be a doubt, that under Providence it has been the means of restoring my child to health.

Given before me this 26th day of May, 1848.

JOHN TAYLOR, Mayor of Albany.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 54 Beaver street, Albany, N. Y.

PERKINS & GARDINER, Sole Proprietors.

Sold by all Druggists in the United States and Canada. 76

For the Million.—WATCHES in all the variety of escapements, Real Jewelry, Diamond, Ruby, Coral, Turquoise, Cameos, &c. Pure silver ware ten sets, cups, forks, spoons, gold chains. Burs periscopic spectacles, gold pens, &c. For sale at the usual Wholesale Prices by the single article at No 44 State st. the only opposition store in the line in this vicinity. The immense quantities manufactured, bought and sold, at this establishment enables the Proprietors to hold out such extraordinary inducements, positively from 15 to 30 per cent below the usual prices elsewhere, and all warranted, as their goods are of the most reliable quality. Please take our Number, 44 State st. 70tf

HOOD & TOBEY, Albany.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla;

The most extraordinary Medicine in the world! This Extract is put up in Quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

Great Spring and Summer Medicine.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other Medicine is, whilst it Eradicates disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer Medicines ever known, it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates New and Rich blood; a power possessed by no other Medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of Severe Cases of Disease; at least 5,000 of these were considered incurable. More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism; 2,000 cases of Dyspepsia; 4,000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy; 7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints; 2,000 cases of Scrofula; 1,500 cases of the Liver Complaint; 2,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy; 3,000 cases of Consumption; And Thousands of cases of disease of the Blood, viz. Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, &c. &c. Together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c. &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Burskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the Preventive of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.

Capt. G. W. McLean, member of the Legislature, and late of the United States Navy, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story.

Rahway, Jan. 23, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the Influenza, and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and find that I improve every day. I believed it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration.

G. W. McLEAN.

DYSPEPSIA.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food and strengthening the organs of digestion as their preparation of Sarsaparilla.

Bank Department, Albany, May 10, 1845.

Dr. Townsend: Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies but they had but little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c.,

W. W. VAN ZANDT.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a Sovereign and speedy cure for incipient Consumption, Barrenness, Leucorrhoea, or Whites, obstructed or difficult Menstruation, Incontinence of Urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent cause or causes, produced by irregularity, illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons, all weakness and lassitude, from taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervousness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blessed with healthy offspring.

Dr. Townsend: My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures, and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short period it removed her complaints and restored her health. Being grateful for the benefits she received I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, and recommending it to the public.

Albany, Aug. 17, 1844,

Cor of Grand and Lydius sts.

OPINIONS OF PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the City of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

J. P. PULING, M. D.

J. WILSON, M. D.

R. B. BRIGGS, M. D.

F. E. ELMENDORF, M. D.

The following is from one of the most respectable physicians on Long Island:—

Greenport, July 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend: Dear Sir—It is with satisfaction that I say to you, that I have recently witnessed, in several cases, the most beneficial results from the use of your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Being engaged in the practice of medicine, I have prescribed it in several cases, and never without benefit. In the removal of disease arising from a deranged state of the digestive organs, jaundice, &c., it far exceeds any thing of the kind ever before offered to the public. You will please send me two dozen, &c. &c.

Respectfully yours,

S. C. PRESTON, M. D.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, practicing Thomsonian Physicians of the City of Albany, have frequently prescribed Dr. Townsend's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, and from its known qualities, would recommend it to the public for mercurial, syphilitic, and other cutaneous diseases, in preference to any of the advertised remedies now in use.

Albany, April 2, 1846.

WM. B. STANTON, T. P.

Principal Office, 126 FULTON Street, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., No 8 State st. Boston; 105 South Pearl st. Albany; and by principal druggists generally, throughout the United States, West Indies and the Canadas.

None genuine, except put up in the large square bottles, which contain a quart, and signed with the written signature of S. F. TOWNSEND, and his name blown on the glass. 28y1

laboring to collect that which others have earned. The Lawyer's "May it please your honor" never made the pot boil. The President's and Cashier's printed paper rags, covered with false promises to pay, never crowned the hill with the ripening sheaf, nor made the valley smile. The lazy drone, by sticking a quill behind his ear, never yet felled the boundless forest, and reared the castle's dome—breaking the repose of ages with the busy tones of hardy enterprise. If our houses could spring up spontaneously, like mushrooms—if we could sit in our seats, like dried mummies, and by a single scratch of the pen could construe canals, bridges, and railroad, we might then talk about equality of rights and privileges with some degree of propriety. But no. If houses are to be erected, it is to be done by the hard hand of labor, in sweat, and toil, and fatigue. The Legislature grants no charters for the working men to build houses without labor, and to grow rich without being industrious.

We hear at almost every corner of the streets the stereotyped Billingsgate, about the "lower classes." "Lower classes," indeed! The time has been when they were as low as the sordid spirit of avarice, and the iron heel of blood-sucking Ambition could tread them down; thousands living and dying mere cogs in the social machine: dragging out a miserable existence in the squalor of toil, want and degradation. They have stood still as rocks, quiet as the charnal-house, while "lispering infancy" has been fore-doomed, by the unholy lust of gold, to labor twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day, withering and blasting the bud of youth ere its petals were unfolded to the sun. If they dared to remonstrate, to utter a word of expostulation, the dry, hard, cold lip of unfeeling selfishness would contract with scorn and malignity, and the stony eye of brutality would "look laggery," while the hand used them. This has been borne—their task-masters were rich, and could talk Latin.

The natural consequences of laziness, the penalty of idleness, has fallen upon the industrious classes, instead of the rich capitalist, who lives without labor. Those who earn and save have been compelled to toil early and late for a pittance barely sufficient to keep their families from starving, that the indolent drones might be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. The natural reward of honest industry has been wrested from the laborer by unjust laws, and were given to those who were never guilty of earning a dollar in their lives—who are too lazy to work, and too proud to beg.

The recent ten hour movements among our industrious fellow-citizens, speak a language that can neither be perverted nor misunderstood. The world is told by acts that speak more plainly than volumes of words, that "he who will shun the exertions and sacrifices necessary to qualify him to know his rights, and also to maintain them, deserves to be duped—to groan in perpetual slavery—to wear the inextinguishable chains the few are forging for the many."

Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for amusement and instruction, is the equitable allotment of the twenty-four. But to a great majority of the buyers of labor even the granting of your present just demand, that ten hours shall constitute a day's work, seems preposterous in the extreme. They think that mankind were not only "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, but, according to their creed, were born to labor as the sweat drops downward."—Says Blackwood's Magazine, "Are not the poor the 'working classes?' Then let them work—work—work. If they are to have resting hours on week days, pray, what is the use of the Sabbath? Work is the chief end and whole duty of man." Nobody thinks of asking what rest do the laws of nature require. We are governed by the laws of Avarice, which, like Bigotry, "has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel." We even seem to forget there ever were laws of nature; we are groping in such an unnatural state of society. We might almost as well talk of the empire of Chaos, as of the empire of mind, while it is thus fettered by the chains of midnight.

The proverb, "All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," is truth, but not the whole truth. Sir Anthony (a title, an English physician of great eminence, says, that after forty years' observation and practice, he is satisfied that vigorous health, and the ordinary duration of life, cannot be generally maintained under the circumstances of twelve hours' labor, day by day. Dr. Farre says, "Man can do no more than he is allowed or permitted to do by nature, and in attempting to transgress the bounds Providence has pointed out to him, he abridges his life in the exact proportion in which he transgresses the laws of nature and the Divine command." When will the mass learn that the life is more than meat, the body more than raiment?

Dr. Green, Surgeon of St. Thomas' Hospital, draws a most frightful picture of the maladies that are engendered by long-continued, unremitting toil. The medi-

cal profession in England raise their united voices against a system that demands uniform, unceasing labor. They declare that the average labor of full-grown, strong, healthy men, ought not to exceed twelve hours, meals included. The vigor of life is well known to depend upon the perfection of the blood. "If the arterial circulation be too much exhausted, an accumulation takes place on the venous side—the blood is deteriorated, and organic diseases are produced, which abridge life." So far they regard man as an animal—over-exertion having the same baneful influence upon both.—But man is considered vastly superior to an animal; over labor has a most debasing influence upon his mind—that faculty alone which renders him more exalted in the scale of being than the animal creation. "The bonds of domestic love become relaxed; and as a consequence, the filial and paternal duties are uncultivated. The over-worked artisan has not time to cherish these feelings, by the familiar and grateful arts which are their constant food, and without which nourishment they perish." An apathy benumbs his better sympathies, chills his spirit, and turns the heart to stone.—Such is the natural, ay, almost inevitable result of the barbarous system against which you have so nobly taken up arms; should you succeed, of which I do not entertain a shade of doubt, if you are true to yourselves, the blessings of posterity will be showered upon your memories. The cruel system of slavery must be robbed of its sting—the venom must be destroyed. We demand not mere justice to the body, but time to do justice to the heart and mind—time to grow in knowledge, and the practice of equity and virtue. We wish to see the beacon of knowledge lighted up on every hill-top—and shedding its hallowed rays across the path of ignorance, shining with a saving light, brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

But it is objected, that, if the "Ten Hour System" succeeds, the young men, the apprentices, will become wild and unruly. The objection is a base and unfounded libel, both upon masters and men. They have one whole day in seven to themselves, under the present system—the same moral or physical restraints that operate on that day, would upon other days in the week. The master, or the guardian, would hardly become relaxed in their rules of duty, even if the apprentices did not labor more than four hours in the day.

But they will get less wages, because they will produce less. We must have other proof than mere assertion for this before it can be deemed worthy of credence. If a man works better when he is fresh than when he is fatigued, then we can hardly suppose he would do less in a twelve month, upon the system you are contending for, than upon the barbarous "all-day" bondage. Suppose he does less, and receives less—how much less? Why, only one-twelfth part at most—and what is one twelfth of a week's wages, compared with the amount of happiness that would be thus increased at the family hearth-stone?

If he works less—he will suffer less—and it will cost him less to live. The fees to the doctor, the apothecary and the nurse, will be sensibly diminished. It will also be an immense saving to the nation. The health and strength of the operatives being no longer broken by excessive toil, the workhouse will no longer be thronged. They would not only perform as much labor as at present, but would become healthy and wise, if not wealthy.

The efforts the workers are now making to relieve themselves of the odious oppressions, which for ages have disgraced humanity, are deserving the warmest approbation of every friend to the rights of man throughout the world. Says the poet:—

"They never fall who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore—
Their heads may sadden in the sun—their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sleeping thoughts
Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

A mighty spirit is abroad in the earth, overturning the pillars of despotism, and the fetters of bondage.—With the friends of freedom, throughout the world, let us be co-workers. Let the present effort be but the glimmering twilight of a day of unclouded glory. Remember, that this is but the lopping off of but a single head of the political monster that feeds on human gore; the other ninety nine are hissing and sputtering fiercely as ever. So long as you allow Capital to make laws for Labor, standing out for higher wages, or reducing the hours of toil, will only be doing the work by halves. There must be a radical reform—and this can only be accomplished at the ballot-boxes. Allow the Capitalists to make a compromise with you—allow them to play the lawgiver, and they will not care a farthing how few hours you work, or what prices you receive.

They will take good care how to strike the balance when they come to pay you for your labor. For every hour you abstract from toil, they will levy an indirect tax upon you that shall treble its value. No.—There is not a nabob in the country that would raise a finger to prevent the "Ten Hour System," if he thought the great work of reform would stop there; for all that could be remedied in a hundred ways by partial legislation. But the great fear of those who grow rich upon our industry, is, that if you get time to improve your minds, you will get your eyes open to the monstrous frauds that have been perpetrated upon you by the heathen idolaters—the worshipers of Mammon. Let their worst fears be realized. Shoulder to shoulder, man to man, our fathers fought and triumphed; let their sons profit by their illustrious example. Shrink not—disband not—fear nothing.

Teach the lawgivers a salutary lesson at the polls—vote for no man who is not pledged to maintain your cause at all risks and at every hazard. If you are united, your strength is wellnigh omnipotent. Throw away all party names—all parties are, and ever have been, opposed to your interests. Form a party of your own, that shall be all-controlling and uncontrollable.—Take any name you please, I care not. Call yourselves Whigs, Tories, Democrats, Federalists—it is all one, so that you are united. Your opposers will seek to divide you by some petty jealousy—because they know that divide and ruin is the only policy that will overthrow you. Bind yourselves together by the strongest of all bonds—that of self-interest. You have all one common cause—one common name—one common interest—the interest of Labor—the interest of honest industry. Keep this one single object in view—no longer at elections throw the rope over the roof of the house, and pull at each end: but all pull one way; give one steady "yo heave yoe"—the long—strong—and the pull altogether, and the mass of human wrong, inequality and oppression, under which man has groaned for centuries, will be scattered to the four winds of heaven.—Nineteenth Century.

Female Department.

LETTER

From James C. Jackson to Womans' Rights Convention, at Rochester, Aug. 2, 1848

GLENHAVEN, July 30, 1848.

AMY POST:—

My dear and old friend—

So you are to have a Woman's Rights Convention in Rochester! Well, in this day and age, wonders cease to be wonderful. A Convention to discuss the rights of woman! and gotten up, to, by women! I confess to you that I have never derived greater pleasure in attending any Anti-Slavery Convention, than, it seems to me, I should derive from attending the forthcoming meeting in Rochester; but I cannot come, and you will believe that when I say I cannot come, something other than a trifle prevents.

I am with you, however, in spirit. I wish you all success, and in any sacrifice you may feel called to make as an association, count on me as one of those who are ready to work and give to the uttermost. I can hardly describe to you the gladness that come over me at the thought that women have earnestly set at work to assert the rights that belong to them as human beings. At least with you, and some others, henceforward the sentiment, "that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights" is to be construed so as to include all human being. To those thus construing it, the Declaration of Independence will mean much, will have a significance that will redeem it from contempt; will make it lustrous and beautiful, as asserting a great principle, which all moral creatures capable of knowing and appreciating their own rights, must know is true.

A meaner dogma, a more contemptible sophism never found its way into general repute than the one which affirms that woman is man's inferior; that the male is the head, the lord, the master of the female.—It assumes as true what on the instant is perceivable as false, that rights may be predicated on sexuality; that because one human being—independent entirely of its own—and so far as physiology throws any light on the case—independent of all human agency, comes into the world fashioned materially, not essentially different from another human being; therefore, that one is the other's careful guide, director, instructor and superintendent. This is the only argument ever offered by the vast majority of male men in behalf of their claim

of superiority and authority over the female men.—Drawn out in detail it reads thus.

"You," says the man to the woman, "may have possession of wisdom, I of folly! You of justice, mercy, truth, which is the body of which love is the soul.—You may have genius, taste, tact, talent. You may have faith to dare, and courage to do; to sum up, you may have a character, which must, from your having it, give you power with your fellows, and honor in the sight of the Divine Being; I may lack all these, possess all their opposites, and yet by virtue of my mere gender—it being masculine—I am your divinely constituted head." The man who can thus talk, and work and weave his talk into action, making it a part of his life, can with no propriety set any fair claim to *masculineness*. Morally speaking, he is emasculated.—Nothing is left of him but the gender. The image of the Divine is no longer visible in him. It is, by his theology or his ethics thrown into complete shadow. He needs a Saviour, one who has the power to recreate him and bring him to the birth anew. Till such time he is of no avail as a *living* being. He eats, drinks, and tyrannizes; justifying himself always by Moses, Paul or some modern priest; or if not disposed *thus* to do, by reference to his ability and those of his sex to *make woman submit*.

Let me look at the matter somewhat minutely. I have been into five thousand families in this State; more or less intimately admitted to their kitchens and hearthstones, and I take it on me to say, that in three-fourths of them the wives and daughters—wives especially—are not treated as having *rights*. As is the fashion to say of the slave that he is treated *kindly*, so I may say of them, they are treated *kindly*, and from the discipline they received in relation to their "appropriate sphere" while under the tutelage of their fathers, they, doubtless, many of them, think they are treated *justly*. But the kindness with which married women and daughters are treated by husbands and fathers is of *sufferance* and not of right. It does one good to be *gracious*, it is so much *easier* than to be *just*. Justice is immutable, perpetual, the supporter and defender of *rights*. To the violator of them it holds no compromising countenance, but graciousness can be shown and withheld; like the turtle's head thrust out and drawn in at will. To admit a woman as a man's equal, is to place them under reciprocal obligations; to make him careful—if he desires to preserve such equality—of assuming dictatorial airs or authoritative functions; and exceedingly prudent in exercising his superior strength to induce submission on her part. More than this: it is to make *him submit* in all cases of difference between him and his companion, where reason is on *her* side. Admit a woman as the equal of a man in rights and he instantly comes to be subject to the law which binds ignorance to follow intelligence, foolishness wisdom, weakness strength, a man woman, when the former is ignorant, foolish, and weak and the latter is intelligent, wise and strong. In such case, NATURE who, you know is of the feminine mould, cries at the top of her lungs, that the woman is the gold, **THE HEAD**; and man the feet—**THE CLAY**.

Whilst men love *power* and the authority it permits, the lawlessness it sanctions and the wrongs it justifies, rather than justice and right and the obedience they demand, they will always be found, when hard pressed, thrusting St. Paul or other Saints in to the forefront of the struggle, claiming under *him* authority that they are the heads of their wives, without stopping to think whether their heads are stuffed with pea-straw or living brains. The remedy lies not in any insulated efforts of the male sex. They will act, those that have *hearts*, disconnectedly. The *cure* is in the hands of woman. Among many things let me suggest a few. She must cease to be the instrument of her own degradation.—She must refuse to lose her identity. On maintaining this depends very much her chance of success. When she loses this, she loses name, caste, character. As a maiden looking forward to the possibility of her becoming a wife, she should insist in any arrangements which she may make to that end, that her *rights* "individual and personal," "social and political" should be kept unimpaired, and that it should depend on considerations other than sexual or arbitrary, whether she shall hold the post of silent partner in a concern freighted with so much of weal or woe to *her*. She should insist on a full understanding, previous to the casting of the lasso over her head—with her prospective future, whether she ever after the ceremony, is to be considered by him as his confidant, his help meet, a partaker of his joys, and sharer of his sorrows, or a mere "appurtenance thereunto belonging," attached to him not by election affinity, but by considerations of the lowest order, such as make brutes pair. Why should not men tyrannize? Is it not true, and is it not philosophically explainable, that as between persons holding intimate relations one party consenting to waive all assertion of rights, the other party in time will come

to act as though said party *had no rights*? What is the argument that Abolitionists have always urged against the sophism that slaves are treated kindly? This; and it is conclusive to all honest minds: that the slaveholder finding himself surrounded by those who act before him as though they had no rights, despite his good intentions and kind heart falls into the same way of thinking and acting, and at any time his placid face and benevolent eye show fight when the slaves about him—if they ever do—indicate a consciousness of being men. Deep as is their degradation, and cowardly as tyranny has made them, they know and are aware of this truth: and before their masters, their eye is glassy and dead, their faces stolid and semi idiotic for fear of the consequences of appearing too intelligent.

Educated as are my sex, to look on your sex as naturally, socially, politically, pecuniarily, *religiously* inferior. No woman wishing to elevate herself or her fellow females after a true standard of elevation should consent to any intimate relations with man except on such terms as places her beyond the reach of lawless authority.

Woman should refuse to part with, or forego the rights of propriety which are hers at the time of marriage. The readiness with which woman has done this, and the readiness with which men have consented to her doing it is highly indicative of obtuseness of moral perception. A woman is worth twenty thousand dollars, she is about to be married to a man worth nothing, such is the low state of public sentiment in twenty of the thirty States of this Union, that this woman gives up herself, her name, and the control of her property to that man, never thinking that in thus making a fool of herself she has nipped her love in its blossoming; he is tickled at her folly, inasmuch as it places her in complete dependence on him, and himself completely independent of her, property-wise, and the public applauding their relative position.—The foundation of all respect from others is the maintenance of ones self respect; and this latter is maintainable only in the defence of all the rights that justly belongs to one, and which go into the formation of lofty character. Would your sex have my sex respect you truly? then for our smiles or our frowns, our blandishments or censures, never, *no, never* forego your *rights*. They enter essentially into your character, help to make it symmetrical, and admirable, and when prized highly by yourselves come to be cherished by us.

Once more, insist on the right of speech, free speech, and that too without derogation of character. Insist also on the right of suffrage. Nothing is meaner on the part of men, or more contemptible on the part of woman, than the very general disapprobation to the speaking in public of woman, depend on it, the social impunity of any community is in exact ratio to its aversion to have woman speak in public. If woman is of importance enough in the divine economy to have a soul, that soul must have as free scope as any other soul. How ridiculous it would seem to hear one talk of male souls, and female souls, "All souls are mine" saith God, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." Truth finds its home in the *soul*. How shall it find utterance except through the lips? Shall it be by goose quill or gold pen?—Nonsense! This is a distinction instead a difference. Only let the opponents of the public speech of woman admit that she *may and ought* to find utterance on any occasion, and they yield the whole ground. Her right of speech hangs essentially on her having something to speak about. Moral agents as far as we know of God's Universe, only have the faculty of speech, and it is given to them because they are the subjects of moral relations; because a right and full understanding of their relations is only attainable by inter communications, and the obligation of each subject of these relations to inter-communicate is primarily measurable by the magnitude of the interests at stake.

Give it to a woman to discover a great truth, one having great bearing for weal or ill to the race, what shall she do? Call her husband? Perhaps he is a donkey. Perhaps, if something of a man he is not gifted in speech, and if he is, his speech is not *hers*. A woman has no more *absolute* right to delegate her freedom of speech, than her freedom of thought.

The right of suffrage—let me close by a word or two on this—divested of all technical phraseology this right of suffrage is the right of speech in an enlarged sense. At the ballot box you would find yourselves acting for the common good in somewhat more extended sphere than in almost any sphere you could act. Your presence as a body of electors at our elections would redeem them from the deep baseness which now mark them. Your husbands, brothers sons would have themselves in your presence and politics would after awhile emerge from its deep slough and look little more akin to the social. If woman is a help *meet* for man and man's duties calls him to the ballot box, then, woman's business is at his side. Wherever a

man goes, not as individual, but as a social being woman has not only the *right* to go but it is her *duty* to go, and his *duty* to open all facilities for her going.

My dear friend, I have thrown a few thoughts together for the consideration of your meeting. Not being able to be with you, I felt I could do no less. With sentiments of high regard I remain yours most truly.

J. C. JACKSON.

Mechanics Mass Meeting.

At a mass meeting of the mechanics and laborers, without distinction of party, held at the American on Tuesday evening the 24th inst., for the purpose of adopting measures to secure the passage of a Ten Hour Bill by the Legislature of this State at its next session, WM. MACK, was called to the Chair, and H. HOWARD, appointed Secretary.

On motion of James P. Murphy, the Chair appointed a Committee of five to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of this meeting.

The following persons were appointed such committee, James P. Murphy, Isaac Marsh, jr., R. P. Butrick, James Worden and A. Eastman.

The committee having retired, D. H. Burtis, H. Howard, and others were severally called upon, and addressed the meeting, after which the committee reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss of the "Ten Hour Bill," in our Legislature, at its last session.

Resolved, That we as independent electors, claim the right to know the sentiments of those who aspire to become legislators, for a free people upon subjects of such vital importance to us, as the one now under consideration.

Resolved, That for the purpose of securing the passage of a Ten Hour Bill by the next Legislature of this State, we will adopt the plan pursued by the Mechanics and Laborers in other portions of the State upon this subject, which is, to vote for no man at the ensuing election as a member of the Legislature who will pledge himself in writing, to use his influence in every possible way if elected, in favor of the passage of such a law.

Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves each to the other to carry out the above resolutions to the letter.

Resolved, That we as Mechanics also enter our protest against the present unjust and unholy laws in this State of applying convict labor in the penitentiaries to Mechanical branches, and we also pledge ourselves never to cease agitating this question, and will use all honorable means to have the foul blot wiped from our statute book.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by this meeting to forward copies of these resolutions, to each of the candidates now in nomination, and respectfully request their views in regard to the same.

Resolved, That when this meeting adjourn it will adjourn to meet at this place one week from this evening for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee appointed to forward these resolutions to the several candidates and determine what action it will take in view of the answers received.

The resolutions as reported by the committee were unanimously adopted by the meeting, and the following persons appointed the committee contemplated in the resolutions, Daniel H. Burtis, John D. Courter and Abial Eastman.

On motion the several papers of this village be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting, and the Mechanics Advocate of Albany.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

WM. MACK, Chairman.

H. HOWARD, Secretary.

DRESSED TO DEATH.—Some chap who is evidently possessed of more hair than brains, sported a dress at the Grand Fancy Ball at Saratoga which cost two thousand dollars. If the fellow was not "dressed to death with his trunk empty," his head certainly was.

RAIN.—A gentleman from Tennessee states that the rains in that State have been heavy and almost continuous for the last two or three months. Some here would advocate "more" equal distribution.

The Advocate is for sale at COOKE'S.